

# NEGROES ALL READY TO ASCEND TO HEAVEN.

But Instead of  
Angels a Squad  
of Police Came.

IN A STATE OF  
RELIGIOUS FRENZY.

Their Faith in the Judg-  
ment Day Aroused by  
the Sale of an Il-  
lustrated Bible.

There are four hundred badly disap-  
pointed negroes in Atlanta, Ga. They  
made every preparation to leave this earth  
Friday last and ascend to heaven as the  
chosen few in honor of the second coming  
of Christ. But the latter did not come.  
The disappointed ones did not leave the  
earth earthy, and several of the crowd are  
in the jails, while the rest have scattered  
to the four winds of heaven.

About two months ago an illiterate negro  
preacher—Anderson Rogers by name—gath-  
ered a flock of superstitious negroes to-  
gether and told them that Christ would  
make his second appearance on the 5th  
instant, and that his true followers would  
then ascend to heaven. He furthermore  
predicted that the millennium would begin  
April 11, 1901.

The deluded negroes believed Christ would  
appear in the clouds last Friday morn-  
ing. The celestial presence was to be vis-  
ible only to true believers, and when it  
appeared to them they would rise from the  
earth and join it on its journey back to  
the new Jerusalem.

In a little meeting house on Richmond  
street, near the outskirts of the city, the  
flock had gathered each night since the  
revelation was made to them, and have  
heard the word preached by the parson who  
claimed to have inside facts. The thoughts  
of the participants were toward religion  
bent, but the disturbance they created de-  
preciated the value of property in the  
neighborhood to an alarming extent.

To prove his case the preacher had a  
chart which he exhibited as being a Divine  
gift, handed down direct from God to man.  
The spelling on the chart was not accord-  
ing to Webster and the words were run  
so confusingly together that it would re-  
quire wellnigh a miracle to extract mean-  
ing from them. The chart itself was made  
of several sheets of grocer's wrapping  
paper. To the negroes, however, this  
biographical manuscript was as sacred as  
a volume of holy writ.

The baptismal part of the performance  
took place at the end of Hill street, in a  
small creek. Each Sunday previous to the  
date set for the ascension Parson Rogers  
dipped the faithful in the muddy waters  
of the stream and declared them to be of  
the chosen people. Thursday morning  
dawned in Atlanta a typical wintry day.  
Early in the morning the faithful gathered  
in their little church and prepared to as-  
cend with prayer and thanksgiving.

After the first round of psalm singing  
and praying every one adjourned to the out-  
side to wait for the Lord's coming. The  
negroes believed thoroughly that all would  
happen as expected. In order to make the  
journey as easy as possible they discarded  
all clothing except that which was abso-  
lutely necessary as a concession to decency.  
They stood in their bare feet, for the  
coldest went out two weeks ago that no  
shoes could be worn during the ascension.  
Many of the fanatics had disposed of the  
larger part of their property, given it  
away or sold it for a mere song.

As the day wore on and no vision ap-  
peared the weak minded began to have  
suspicions. Later these developed into  
tautious doubts, but they were silenced  
by the parson, who sternly reminded the  
doubting Thomases that the Lord performs  
his wonders in a mysterious way, and that  
everything would be all right in the end.

There was, however, another possibility  
which made them fearful. Judge Andy  
Calhoun, who presides over the police  
court of the city, has had numerous com-  
plaints concerning the disturbances at the  
meetings of the devout negroes, and he  
sent forth the edict that unless they moved  
heavenward he would have them all ar-  
rested on writs of lunacy. The State  
attorney authorities at this an-  
nouncement and pleaded that they were  
not in a position to give all the comforts  
of a home to such a large crowd on such  
short notice. The mandate was then mod-  
ified so as to carry with it a threat of sen-  
tences to the city stockade. This unpleas-  
ant alternative, which began to assume  
the prospect of a possibility, gave some of  
the negroes great uneasiness. Twelve  
o'clock came and went, and still their feet  
clung to this mundane and material sphere.  
They began to get hungry, for, in ac-  
cordance with the orders issued by the  
parson that there should be no dead weight  
on the day of the transformation, they  
had fasted for some time previous.

Two or three of the more devout be-  
lievers thought they caught a glimpse of  
the Celestial cortege approaching on several  
different occasions, but the thin, fleecy  
cloud did not evolve the expected guest.  
Four o'clock, and the crowd was still pray-  
ing, waiting and hoping. By this time the  
good people of the neighborhood had tired  
of the unearthly noises and fairs of the  
faithful, and they so reported to the police.  
A squad of bluecoats was sent to the scene  
in a patrol wagon. When the negroes  
caught sight of the police most of them  
fled. Some of them faced the affair out  
and predicted dire punishment for the  
Police Department for interfering with a  
plan made in the better world.

Despite the anathemas hurled at them  
in the name of all the deities, the officers  
arrested all they could and took them to  
the station house.

The queer sect, of which the Atlanta con-  
tingent was but one of its component parts,  
has had a foothold among the colored popu-  
lation for four years. It was originated by

## The Bogus Negro Bible.



John Willard, a white fanatic, who was  
shot by whitecaps in Pennsylvania, and  
who now, according to his disciples, is  
reaping the reward of a martyr. His  
widow, Mrs. Martha Willard, of St. Louis,  
still promulgates his theories through  
tracts, and was in constant touch with  
the various branches of the sect through-  
out the country until the recent fiasco.

The negroes have been wrought up to a  
condition of religious frenzy by a special  
"Negro Bible," with illustrations which  
show that Moses, Aaron, the angels and  
other Biblical characters were colored  
people.

A copy of the illustrated Bible which is  
meeting with a great sale among the col-  
ored people in the black belt of Georgia,  
Mississippi and Alabama, has reached the  
Journal, and a specimen illustration, that  
of Jacob's dream of the ladder reaching  
to heaven, upon which were angels ascend-  
ing and descending, is reproduced. The  
original plate is in gaudy color—red, green,  
blue and yellow; and the shrewd agents  
have deftly hand-painted about half of the  
angelic host until they represent negro  
cherubs, cherubim and seraphim.

The idea has taken like hot cakes among  
the plous black folks, who are delighted  
at this artistic recognition of the descend-  
ants of the American negro, who is shown  
in giving sooty visages to four of the Ap-  
ostles. Care is taken to show Judas as a  
white man.

Many-faceted picture of the crowd list-  
ening to the Sermon on the Mount shows  
a fair percentage of black faces. But the  
idea is reached by the American negro, who  
of Dore's wonderful drawing for Dante's  
Paradise, in which the angelic host is  
about equally divided between the white  
and black races. The cherubs with their  
inky hair plaited into little tails are es-  
pecially effective.

The negroes are in many instances iden-  
tified in the celestial state, their hair being  
long and straight, a combination much de-  
sired by the American negro, who is a  
ready purchaser for a number of fake prepa-  
rations on the market warranted to make  
the hair grow as straight as an Indian's  
hair. Heretofore when a brother of an  
inquiring mind has asked his pastor why  
there are no "nigger angels" in the pic-  
tures the reverend shepherd has been ob-  
liged to reply that "in the heavenly land  
the just are made perfect." A. C. white.  
This explanation has heretofore sufficed,  
but has not proved so satisfactory as the  
ocular evidence presented through the en-  
terprise of the Yankee book-peddler, that  
there "are colored people in the heavenly  
ban."

## SPIES IN FINE CLOTHES.

Your Neighbor  
May Be a Lynx-  
Eyed "Shopper."

BIG STORES WATCH  
EACH OTHER.

A Detective System of  
Which the Public  
Is Entirely  
Ignorant.

The spy has become an exceedingly im-  
portant factor to the great dry goods  
stores of New York. It is not her duty to  
spy upon the people in her employer's  
store alone, but upon his rivals. It is the  
duty of such persons to see if the advertised  
prices are the same as those really asked  
for the goods, and to observe methods in  
general. The spy may be a pretty and  
elegantly dressed young woman or a gray-  
haired dowager, whose rich attire gives the  
impression of wealth and position.

In each of the larger stores that deal in  
dry goods the sharpest sort of lookout is  
kept for these spies, or "shoppers," as  
they are called, and in justice to the keen-  
eyed detectives who watch all that goes on  
in these marts of trade, it must be said  
that the best of the "shoppers" become  
known so well before a year is over that  
their career of usefulness is ended.

This spy system is one of the most inter-  
esting parts of the complicated machinery  
of the modern department store. Like  
other wheels in the machine, it must run  
smoothly, or the whole will be thrown  
out of gear. The shopper, aided by the  
advertisements in the newspapers, is so  
well informed nowadays as to the prices  
in all the stores that each establishment  
is compelled to keep well posted regarding  
the others. If one is selling lace at a  
fraction under the current price, the others  
must know not only the price at which the  
lace is being sold, but the quality of the  
goods and the reason why they are offered  
at low prices. It is then possible to make  
a similar cut in price or offer some other  
attraction to offset the former.

It is not sufficient for the manager of  
the store to read the advertisements of his  
fellow-managers in other stores, though these  
are carefully cut out each day and pasted into a book of refer-  
ence. He must also have some means of  
knowing whether the advertisements are  
correct. The wiles of the dry goods man  
anxious to deceive a competitor can only  
be solved in this way, and advertisers  
have been known to adopt this method  
purpose than to mislead rival firms.

Large firms will employ as many as six  
of these professional shop spies, at an ex-  
pense probably of \$10 a day for each. They  
are mostly women young enough to be at-  
tractive and old enough to be wise. Any  
woman who can wear a good gown prop-  
erly and is not easily confused can fill the  
position. The latter condition is necessary,  
for the shop spy is constantly under the  
watchful eye of floorwalkers and sales-  
women, who have received strict injunc-  
tions to look out for her. It does not take  
long for suspicion to be aroused, and then  
the "shopper" becomes the center of an  
embarrassing attention. The floorwalker  
follows her from counter to counter, appar-  
ently anxious to assist her, but really bent  
upon warning the girls behind the counter.  
They take the hint and skillfully manage  
to distort prices, or will even refuse to  
give them. If the "shopper" keeps her  
wits about her all goes well and suspicion  
is averted. If she becomes confused her  
usefulness as a spy in that store is gone.

A young woman who held the position of  
"shopper" for a year said to a Journal re-  
porter: "I was allowed to spend as much  
as \$10 a day, though of course I had to  
give a strict account of it. I am a born  
shopper and the work of spying and sal-  
sampling never grew wearisome. My sal-  
ary was only \$10 a day, but I was given all  
my clothes, and very handsome they were,  
with gowns, capes and hats in the latest  
fashion. This dressed I could enter any  
store without exciting suspicion and id-  
away an hour or two. Frequently I was  
mistaken for a woman of position, and at  
all times my clothes gave me the attention  
of the saleswomen. The better dressed  
one is the more ready the employees of a  
store are to name prices and show goods.  
A few diamonds are not amiss, but too  
striking a costume makes one easily recog-  
nized. When I was in the store I was en-  
abled to make a report upon the manner in  
which the goods were sold and customers treated.  
Firms who employ shoppers, and there  
are few who do not, insist upon prompt,  
quick and accurate work."

clerks for the benefit of a rival, and he is  
not averse to doing the same.

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CONDENSED LAGER BEER.  
The Malt Extracts Which Druggists Have  
Been Selling on Sunday Since  
Roosevelt Came In.

It is not in the increased sale of lemon  
phosphate and other "soft" drinks from  
the soda fountains that the druggists of  
New York have been reaping their har-  
vests since the enforcement of the Excise  
law on Sunday has become a reality. The  
fountain has customers, of course, on Sun-  
days that it never has on week days. The  
saloon men themselves are keeping a very  
close eye on the druggists, and the latter  
would run a great risk if detected supply-  
ing "don't care" or "mountain dew" to  
patrons in need of a bracer.

The nearest things to the purpose are  
"calumet" and "cocoa wine," which the  
pharmacist may dispense with safety.  
Calumet, which is a solution of quinine  
in a very high proof brandy, is calculated  
to make a palatable patron longevous and  
sure to give his affairs a temporarily ro-  
sate hue. Cocoa wine will assist a young  
man in making his way in the world, and  
the pharmacist who dispenses it with safety  
themselves to the ordinary alcoholic.  
But where the druggist comes in is in the  
sale of bland preparations of malt and  
alcohol. Every corner drug store car-  
ries in its stock now from a dozen to a  
score of brands of bitters, and whereas a  
few years ago there was but one brand of  
so-called malt extract on the market, over  
fifty of the big breweries of the country  
now contend for the trade. The druggist  
has appeared, and some of the brands  
sold almost as low as a high-grade bottled  
beer.

The druggist who will not sell a pint of  
whiskey on Sunday to his oldest and best  
customer will take his dollar and supply  
a half pint of medicated spirits called lit-  
ters and labeled: "A wineglass before  
meals." This label makes it a medicine.  
With the man who wants the effects of  
alcohol, it is a case of any port in a  
storm.

## JOHANNAS NEW LECTURE.

She Will Give  
Her Impressions  
of Society Life

FOR HER FRIENDS  
IN AFRICA.

The Title, "Among the De-  
generates"—It Smacks  
of the True Humor  
of Her Race.

Dear Journal: I have been so busy this  
week with the dressmaker that I have not  
had the time to prepare my usual letter,  
so I send you instead a few extracts from  
the lecture which I am preparing for my  
friends in Africa. On my return home I  
shall deliver it, under the auspices of the  
Simian Lecture Bureau, and shall travel  
from jungle to jungle, stopping in the  
Cocoon Groves to address whatever as-  
semblies of monkeys I may find there. You  
may publish these extracts under the title  
of

AMONG THE DEGENERATES;  
OR,  
WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO BE IF WE  
LOSE OUR TAILS.

Fellow Baboons: It will be impossible for  
me, in the brief time allowed me by your  
committee, to tell you a hundredth part of  
what I saw and heard during the few years  
that I spent in the land beyond the sea,  
that is inhabited only by degenerates in  
the shape of tailless bipeds. Perhaps the  
pleasantest months that I spent there were  
those in which I stayed in Central Park,  
where I found a most charming social cir-  
cle of my own species. I had a private  
apartment of my own, as became a tailed  
beauty of my high standing, but frequently  
in the evening the ladies and gentlemen  
who occupied the large, roomy cages would  
call on me or invite me to visit them, and  
while sitting by their tails in pleasant  
company, we would talk over the  
strange manners and customs of the bipeds  
who came every day to gaze upon us with  
as much interest as if we were so many  
wild animals.

Of course these degenerates have lost  
nearly every trace of the beauty that be-  
longs to us. In fact, they are perfectly  
cognizant of their own ugliness, and will  
not venture out in the streets without cov-  
ering themselves from neck to heels. They  
show a great interest, however, in dis-  
tinguished visitors from abroad, and not  
only follow us about the streets, but pay  
money to see us. Salvini, Mme. Duse and  
Mme. Bernhardt are the names of some of  
the distinguished strangers who shared the  
attention of the public with me. And it  
was from them that I learned that it is the  
custom of these entertainers from abroad  
to remain in America only long enough to  
annex a fortune and then to go home.  
There is one trait, however, which the  
degenerates have preserved to an extraor-  
dinary degree, and that is the imitative  
faculty. In fact, the Americans are almost  
as famous for their taste for imitation as  
we are, and I am glad to say that a good  
many of them have the good taste to imi-  
tate us.

I remember one biped whom I knew to  
be a male because he wore bifurcated gar-  
ments of a pattern used only by his sex,  
who carried his talent for imitation to an  
extent that brought him into serious trou-  
ble. One evening during my stay in Central  
Park a keeper led the door of one of the  
large cages open, and several of the ladies  
and gentlemen of my acquaintance took  
advantage of that circumstance to stroll  
into the moonlight and enjoy them-  
selves under the tall trees. The next  
morning a great hue and cry was made,  
and within a short time they had all been  
caught and brought back. They were glad  
enough to return because they had been  
unable to find any cocoanut trees or bread-  
fruit or yams, or anything else that was  
fit to eat.

When I called on them the day after  
their return, I found in the cage among  
them a clothed biped, who had been gar-  
thered in by the keepers, under the impres-  
sion that he was one of our own race, and  
despite the fact that he wore clothes, he  
really bore a wonderful resemblance in  
facial aspect and manners to some of the  
best educated of our species. I learned  
that he belonged to the class called dukes,  
and that he had just returned from some  
foreign land, with an Anglo-Brooklyn  
accent, as it is called. At any rate, his  
speech was unintelligible to the keepers  
and for three days he remained with us  
and was regarded with deep interest by  
thousands of nurses and children who  
thought he was a sort of Chimpanzee high  
priest.

While I was in New York, I was curious  
to see the interiors of some of the degener-  
ates' houses and to study their mode of  
life and personal peculiarities. I spoke of  
my desire to Mr. McKay, and through his  
kindness of Mr. Hamilton, the gentlemen  
who devoted his attention to the task of  
telling the public all about me, an invita-  
tion was secured for me to attend what is  
called in New York a literary and artistic  
gathering. I really enjoyed myself  
enormously in the drawing room of the  
kind lady who invited me there, and I cer-  
tainly met a company that was more to  
my taste than any I have ever seen in  
America, excepting, of course, my friends  
in the Central Park cages.

Never before in all my journeys had I  
been treated with such special considera-  
tion and respect as I was there. Indeed,  
I could see plainly that two or three  
bipeds, who were pointed out to me as  
Italian and German noblemen, were pos-  
sibly jealous of my success and refused  
to be presented to me. I was sorry for  
that because they were the handsomest  
gentlemen I have seen in America outside  
of the cage. During the evening something  
happened which was extremely interesting  
to me, although very alarming at the time,  
because it illustrated in a forcible manner  
certain peculiarities of the degenerates.

The room in which the artistic and lit-  
erary reception took place is entirely devoid  
of horizontal bars, which are entirely use-  
less articles of furniture in houses in-  
habited by a tailless race. Nor do these  
degenerates squat on the floor when tired,  
but on sofas and chairs and tables which  
are scattered about the floor in large num-

## DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

The Great Singer, Camille D'Arville,  
Made Well by Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Makes the Sick Well, Gives Strength, Vigor,  
Vitality. The World's Great Invigorator.  
Best of all Spring Medicines.



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.

People lack strength and vigor, especially  
at this season.

There are comparatively few who are  
really sick, but there are numberless peo-  
ple who are not perfectly well, are a little  
out of order, do not feel just right. They  
are run down in health and strength, have  
weak nerves and are consequently nervous,  
restless and tired, and do not eat or sleep  
well. Others have headache, rheumatism  
or neuralgia. Others again, simply feel  
dull, depressed and lack their old-  
time vim, energy and ambition. Women  
droop with weakness, grow pale, sallow,  
careworn, hollow-eyed, with complexion  
faded and beauty gone. Men have not the  
necessary strength and energy to attend to  
their work.

The world's great restorative and invig-  
orator is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and  
nerve remedy. Its use makes steady  
nerves, strong muscles, pure blood, vigor-  
ous bodies. Nothing will so quickly give  
you back the buoyancy of health, the light,  
elastic step, beauty of skin and complexion,  
bounding pulse, renewed energies, strong

nerves and vigorous zest in the enjoyment  
of living.  
It is the best Spring Medicine possible to  
take, and everybody should take it now.  
Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve  
remedy cured the illustrious singer, Cam-  
ille D'Arville, famous alike throughout  
Europe and America. She says:  
"I wish to publicly express my apprecia-  
tion of that invaluable remedy, Dr.  
Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.  
Being of an extremely nervous disposition,  
I tried many remedies until the Nervura  
was brought to my notice by a friend  
who had used it with the most gratifying  
results. I began it, and can truthfully say  
that it proved a most wonderful remedy,  
and I have no hesitancy in recommending  
it to my professional and other friends."  
Unlike most remedies, Dr. Greene's Ner-  
vura blood and nerve remedy is the pre-  
scription and discovery of a living physi-  
cian, the most successful specialist in cur-  
ing nervous and chronic diseases. Dr.  
Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York  
City, who can be consulted or written to  
for his advice, free of charge.

## WONDERFUL CURES

Testimony from a physician for  
RIPLEY BROM-LITHIA

Read—HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 2. "While stop-  
ping at your city my attention was called to your R.  
B. L. Water. I write you, unhesitatingly, to add my tes-  
timony to the merits of your wonderful discovery  
of nature's own remedy.  
"Although this may seem a little unprofessional,  
still, I am more in love with truth than with any  
school of medicine on earth, and know that by tak-  
ing Ripley Brom-Lithia Water in spon-  
sion three times a day for three weeks, I was greatly  
relieved of pains in my kidneys, my ureters were  
thoroughly cleansed, bladder trouble cured, and  
hemorrhoids of twelve years' standing entirely  
disappeared. For this latter disagreeable and  
painful trouble I have treated myself and have  
been treated by many well known physicians with  
no permanent results.  
You may use this over my signature if you so  
desire, as I have no objection in endorsing Rip-  
ley Brom-Lithia Water as an efficient purifier."  
JOHN B. THORNDIKE, M.D.

Medical examination and advice and circulars free.  
Water delivered free in New York, New Jersey and  
New Jersey.  
THE EASTERN R. B. CO.  
109 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Other New York City Deposits: J. Jungmann,  
61st St. and 3d Ave.; Hudson's, 205 and 1201  
Broadway, and A. Ammon, 440 Columbus Ave.

## A BICYCLE STABLE.

This Harlem Liverman, to Be Up to Date,  
Will Dismiss a Hostler and Hire a  
Mechanic in His Stead.

John Quinn, a progressive liverman,  
known as "the Mayor of Harlem," real-  
izing that the bicycle has come to stay, and  
believing that a liverman's business is to  
furnish means of transportation, will, dur-  
ing the coming Spring and Summer, be pre-  
pared to rent out bicycles, as well as saddle  
horses and rigs. He will have one hostler  
the less in his employ, and will substitute  
a mechanic who knows how to repair  
broken wheels.

Mr. Quinn has read with interest of the  
formation in Paris of a company which  
will immediately put on the boulevards for  
the public service, and in competition with  
the stage lines, the horseless carriages,  
which they expect within a few years to  
increase to 1,000. Mr. Quinn says that he  
has discussed the matter with several  
other livermen, and believes that such an  
enterprise will ultimately pay in New York  
City, but not just yet.

Botanists call this curious plant "Selph-  
ium Lichatum." It is unpretentious in  
appearance and bears yellow flowers that  
are not unlike field daisies. It has a re-  
markably thin leaf, so thin as to be notice-  
able even to the untutored eye. The "com-  
pass plant," as it is really called, grows  
and is indigenous to the prairies of that  
section.

## THE "COMPASS PLANT."

Nature's Creation to Enable People to  
Find North and South Through  
Her Aid Alone.

The "compass plant" is one of the oddest  
creations of the vegetable kingdom. It de-  
rives its name from the fact that its leaves  
always point directly north and south. So,  
if you are out on a Western prairie and  
lose your way, just look for one of these  
plants and remember that they always  
point to the directions indicated.  
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appearance and bears yellow flowers that  
are not unlike field daisies. It has a re-  
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and is indigenous to the prairies of that  
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